Mrs. Herman Updyke working off a season's caviar on the parallel bars.

PRETTY PASTIMES for Old and Young

by George S. Chappell with pictures by Wm Hogarth, jr

IT IS a common plaint, I think, that indoor exercise is boresome. The stuffy atmosphere of a gymnasium, redolent of steam rooms, towels and alcohol-vinegar, the absence of competition, except for the ultra-young in the violence of squash and handball, the deadening routine of the drill-master, with his infernal counting from one to exhaustion, these are but a few of the non-attractive qualities of what is essentially a wholesome pastime.

I feel that it is high time something was done to advance the progress of interior athletics.

Obviously there is much to be said in their favor. They are independent of weather, for one thing, and that is a very great asset. When one considers the condition of putting greens and tennis courts during the recent deluge of June and early July it is evident that we cannot ignore the necessity of making our gymnasiums more attractive.

As they are now they are impossible. Once in every winter I make unto myself a solemn vow to take systematic exercise. My first step is to pay my back locker rent, which is an item which seems to be perennially in arrears. The second phase is to inspect the contents of said locker. There is a mysterious quality about a club locker which always interests me. Its furnishings have a vanishing or a changeable ability which is fascinating. Almost the first thing to vanish is the key. In fact, a sizable treatise could be written on the subject of keys alone. They collect most marvelously. One's key ring becomes bulky and annoying. It wears holes in one's pocket and has a habit of getting under one's wheel base at inopportune moments. Keys of varied lengths and sharpness accumulate. I suspect that they breed. And yet most of them never fit anything. None ever fits one's locker.

Each year, having vowed my vow of physical regimen, I say to myself, "I will run up to the locker room and inspect my things."

After a fitting period of procrastination I achieve this end. Trying each key in turn, I get no answering click from the lock. I then summon Tom, the locker steward.

"Tom," I say, with a surprised look, "I seem to save mislaid my locker key. Will you kindly admit me."

Tom turns the handle. The darn thing has been unlocked all the time. Within it is always the same story. All, all are gone. The old familiar trousers, the faithful flannels, the brown sweater, the well worn sneakers have been metamorphosed into a pair of running pants and a redolent sweat shirt. This is part of the freemasonry of athletes.

This is usually enough exercise for the first day. Thereafter I become more methodical. Tuesdays and Fridays are the days I set apart for hygiene. To a few sundry purchases of my own Tom adds desirable garments from that mysterious source of supply which is always at a steward's command. In this way I sometimes get my own clothes back, though I am never quite certain of their identity. However, fully equipped after a fashion, I pursue health. But it is no use.

Mike, the ruddy instructor, looks at me reproachfully as I ignore the ponderous medicine ball and turn to the more individualistic rowing machines and chest weights.

Personally I cannot bear the supervision of an expert. I know that I am putting on weight, but I do not like to be reminded of it, and so crudely, too.

"We'll take that pot off you," says Mike.

Pot, indeed! It is the merest embonpoint, suitable to my years, and becoming, too, some of my friends say. Just what it is becoming I cannot say.

It is also humiliating to grunt in the presence of strangers. I like to do my grunting in private.

Therefore, as I say, I betake myself to a quiet corner with a bunch of chest weights or I mount that absurd bicycle thing with a little bell that tinkles every hypothetical mile. Mounted on this, I am free from coarse comment. I can philosophize. I can let my fancy range. In imagination I tour England. I repeat a long day's ride of my early youth, when I pedaled fifty miles through English rain to inspect Leicester Cathedral, only to find that there was no cathedral in Leicester, nor ever had been. Sometimes I so lose myself in reflection that I take an actual header from our hypothetical bicycle. It is all so boring!

Plainly something must be done.

Mr. Walter Camp made a gesture in the right direction with his famous Daily Dozen. In an erudite preamble he describes how easily a setter dog reaches for a bone without moving his feet. Though I have not the faintest desire to be like a setter dog, the idea fascinated me. I tried the stunt, not with a bone, but with a bath sponge, and was so successful that I took up the Daily Dozen in earnest, even throwing in a few extra contortions for good measure. But I found it dull fare.

Thinking that companionship might add a certain zest, I induced my better half to join me. I was relentless in my demands. Then we heard of the Victrola records which set these motions to music. This seemed to open glorious possibilities and I at once secured the outfit.

The results were disappointing. It is all very well to be amusing, but such ability is more fitting in the evening. To become the source of howling mirth, set to music, in the gray dawn is distinctly annoying. I suppose it is the intimacy of the family tie which breeds a certain flippancy. If one could only practice these things with some one else. However . . .

We abandoned the Daily Dozen. My records and booklet are for sale at half price to the highest bidder.

But, I repeat, Mr. Camp's gesture was in the right direction. He sensed the unattractiveness of most calisthenics and by offering us his system, sugar-coated with jazz melodies, he showed that he was on the right track. But he did not go far enough.

Miss Winifred Taplow is in what might be called the first flush of middle age.

The idea, in its full development, filtered into my brain one day last spring when I was completing my tenth mile on a rowing machine. My system on the rowing machine has always been this: For the first four miles I assume that I am the Yale crew. This makes it unnecessary to row very fast. I merely maintain a speed sufficient to beat Harvard. The next four miles are a paddle back to quarters, a slow, even pull, with an occasional rest. My blade work on the rowing machine is always impressive, with a good, clean catch and a hard, driving finish. My technical description may not be perfect, as I am only quoting the newspaper experts. Anyhow, its easy because there are no blades. For the final two miles the scene changes. I am no longer in a shell, but in a light canoe. Opposite me is a lovely lady. There are several whom, though they know it not, I take out with me in my rowing machine. Together we skim over the smooth mirror of a silent lake. Her fair face, shaded by a rose-pink parasol, regards my form in my rowing suit approvingly.

"How beautifully you row!" she murmurs. "How strong!"

"Hey, there, you! Wake up!" bawled Mike on the day I mention.

I sprang to my feet. But, though the vision vanished, I clung fast to the tail of my idea and little by little dragged it back into reality.

Briefly it is this: What we need is mixed indoor athletics. The idea may come with a certain shock, but why? We have the same thing in our deservedly popular dancing rendezvous, and what, I ask you, could be more mixed than our bathing? And yet when it come to other beneficial exercises the sexes are segregated as strictly as they are in a Quaker meeting house.

A man's gymnasium is a secret fastness which no woman may approach. A woman's is even more so. I once spent a hideous hour in the steam room of a Turkish bath while a bevy of damsels sported in the pool through which I had to pass on my way to the dressing-room. They had slipped in under the impression that it was ladies' day, or I had slipped in under the impression that it wasn't—I forget which. At any rate, there I was, steaming my little life away. In vain I pressed the call bell. The attendant, after the manner of his kind, was talking baseball with the elevator boy. When rescued I was completely done on all sides and ready to serve. "What a magnificent color you have!" my friends said.

This is all wrong. My thought is that the indoor exercises for men and women should be broadened and combined. The bars, both, parallel and otherwise, should be let down.

An old friend of mine, an ex-prizefighter named Flaherty, thinks very highly of my scheme. We have already enrolled quite a number of attractive couples.

A natural development of the plan is the teaching to men and women of the things they lack and subconsciously long for. It is perfectly absurd for a bunch of men to get together and hurl a medicine ball at each other, just to get strong. They are strong enough as it is. The heaviest thing they have to lift in real life is a pen or a blotter. Likewise women waste a lot of precious time studying rhythmic dancing to become graceful, forsooth, as if they were not already as graceful as anything human can be! No; the positions ought to be reversed.

What your average banker and broker needs is more sweetness and light, more grace of carriage, more lightness of step, more enrhythmic poise—if you follow me. As instructress in this class I have tentatively engaged Miss Edmee Wickes, a recent graduate of Mr. Ziegfeld's great school. The class is already oversubscribed. What our ladies need to rid them of countless imaginary ills is more real exercise, a more ragged upbuilding of muscle and sinew, instruction in which they will receive from Mr. Flaherty, with myself acting as assistant.

An attractive feature—the feature, I may say, of the curriculum—will be the co-educational courses in the lighter forms of exercise which combine grace and strength—shadow boxing, wrestling (with all rough holds strictly barred), fencing and the like. My friend Hogarth has drawn some captivating illustrations, which may accompany this text, and which are now in press for the pamphlet, which will give all details. These drawings are not mere figments of the artistic imagination from the trial class, which meets twice weekly on my Uncle Theodore's estate on Long Island.

Now he sings at his work, and is a perfect pest in his ruddy health.

One has but to see Mrs. Herman Updyke working off a season's caviar on the parallel bars to be convinced at once that I am on the right track. Before beginning the course Mrs. Updyke had what was known to be the largest collection of chins in the possession of a private owner. They were a veritable flight of chins. Another of my prize pupils is Miss Winifred Taplow, the lady with the foils. Miss Taplow is in what might be called the first flush of middle age, an age which by rights should be the embodiment of blooming womanhood. When she came to me she confessed frankly that she squeaked in every joint. She could not enter a room without some one calling for an oil can. You should see her now as she receives or parries a thrust, en quart ou tierce, oui! et meme en cinq ou six, silently lithe as a panther. And some of my men! The genty who is literally floating through the air on the flying rings is none other than my Uncle Theodore, who came to scoff and remained to play. One month ago he couldn't raise his voice without bursting into a profuse perspiration. Now he sings at his work, and is, so his associates at the bank tell me, a perfect pest in his ruddy health.

HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC ON ME?

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Illustration by ELLISON HOOVER

EVEN now as I write the Philharmonic Society is celebrating its eightieth birthday. It is almost as old and fully as harmonious as Chauncey Depew. For some time I have been hoping and expecting to put our music on a proper national basis. People come up to me constantly and complain that we have no music in America at all. I met a lady in Topeka, Kan., and she said she had to come to New York once a year and go to the opera just to get tuned up, and even at that the tuning didn't last more than six weeks. Only the other day a musical friend of mine said he thought there ought to be self-determination for all musical instruments. There is a natural temptation, of course, to go from that point and talk about harmonious adjustments and fewer discords. One might also say that all of our musical notes are overdue. But the whole affair lies deeper than that. It is not to be too lightly treated. Here we are, with a lot of perfectly good musical critics on our hands and nothing being done about it. How are we going to support them in the style to which they have been hitherto unaccustomed—for that is a condition that everybody, no matter what his walk in life, is now looking forward to—if there is no real music lying around loose for us to brag about? We brag about pretty much everything else; why not about music?

Charles Lamb and I at one time were much alike in one respect. Naturally he never learned to write as well as I can, for at the time he lived there was nobody around like Arnold Bennett or Harold Bell Wright to teach him how. But he confessed that he didn't like music, and I once felt the same way about it until I got going to the opera. I didn't want to go to the opera, but the ice cream and coffee between the acts were so good that I began to enjoy it.

Also, there is plenty of music in this country. When I say music I am not speaking of philharmonic music or opera music, but just music. No matter where you go somebody is playing on something. And in every place I know of they have musical evenings. There is always once in your life when, no matter what you do or how discreetly you may conduct yourself beforehand or what precautions you may take, you simply have to go to a musical evening. It was at one of these evenings—the only one in my life that I didn't manage to get out of going to—that I got my first start about our national music, got to thinking about it desperately and passionately, got to feeling that unless we had a national music very soon now things would even be worse than they are, assuming that such a thing is possible.

There were a lot of musical people there. In fact, everybody there was musical. I was the only one who wasn't. Before I got there I was willing to admit this. I said to myself: "I'll just own up to it. I probably look guilty, anyway. I'll tell 'em that I'm one of those rare products of nature that admits he can't sing or even run up and down an aria or yodel anything worth yodeling. And they'll love me for it. They'll admire my enormous courage."

But when I faced the crowd I began to weaken—by leaps and bounds. With superb intuition I saw that I could get away with simply nothing in that crowd. I'd got to do some fast lying. By and by a large, almost perfectly pink, lady backed me up to an alcove. She was on the outside and I couldn't have escaped if I had wanted to. And I had to act as if I didn't want to.

"Our music," she said, "has got to be put on a national basis."

"That's what I have been saying right along," I exclaimed, my voice ringing with excitement. "It can't be too soon to suit me."

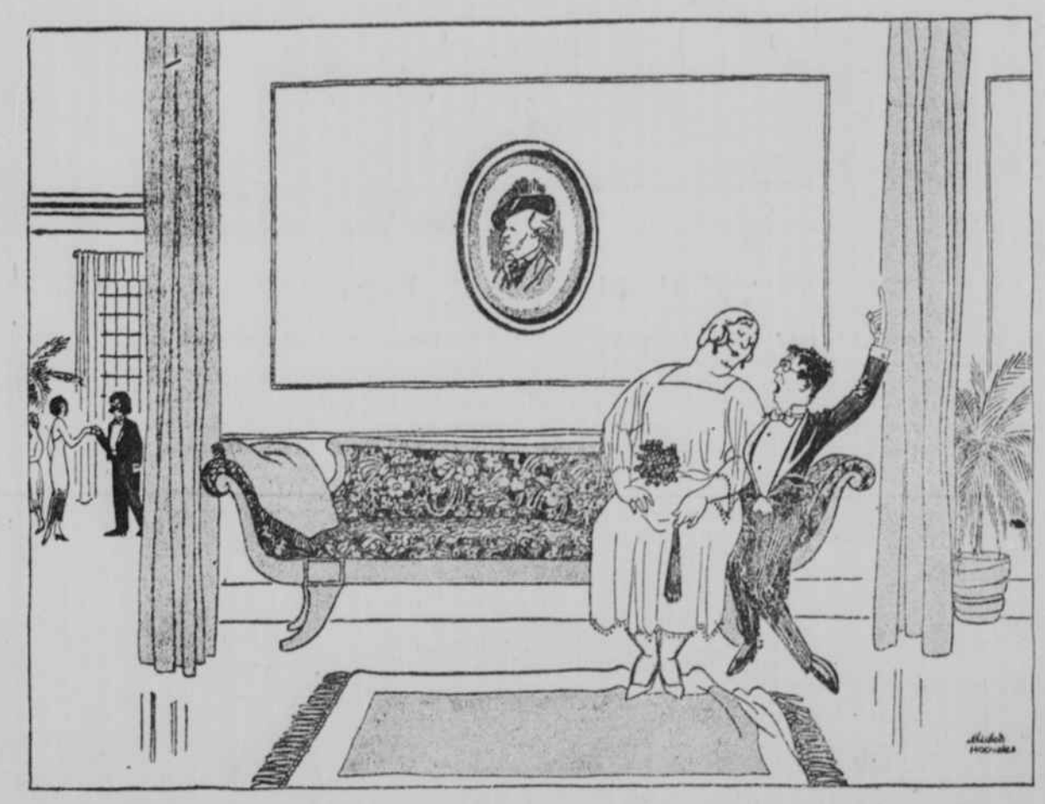
She managed to close up a little bit on the sofa, allowing me graciously about eight inches space in which to sit beside her. It took no deep calculation on my part to see that she was a wonderful woman—and at the very height of her strength. She had blond hair and blue eyes and I should say tipped the scale at about 310. She was a Nordic, if you get what I mean. Gertrude Atherton says the Nordics are the dominant type, and I believe her. This lady might have been the wife of a Norse chief, and, no matter how big and strong he might be, it wouldn't have made any difference to her.

"You know about our committee?" she inquired, her soft blue eyes enveloping me completely. If she had been an astronomical body and I had been doing some eclipsing—well, I might be a dark spot, but that would be about all.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," I said; "fine committee. I look for great things from such a committee. What ought to be done," I went on feverishly, "is to have music everywhere—I mean every village, every hamlet, every borough; that is, every place where there are people, should be a center of music."

She was beginning to breathe hard. Somehow I got by intuition the thought that the word music wasn't quite right, and so I conan-doyled:

"Of course, by music, I mean—well, I mean what *you* mean—harmony. I mean Beethoven, he ought to be everywhere. If this great country," I continued, with a wild gleam in my right eye, "only knew more about Beethoven; and then there's Liszt and Handel and, and Bach—he was a grand bird—I don't mean bird."



"Isn't it terrible that there is so little music between us—I mean among us—I mean with us!"

I began to chortle humorously.

"You know," I went on, "I was thinking of those wonderful Wagnerian forest scenes, with all the warblers. We don't have such scenes now. Isn't it terrible?"

I took her hand in mine.

"Isn't it terrible!" I asserted, with all my psychic power, "that there is so little music between us—I mean among us—I mean with us. But your committee! Ah, they are bound to pull us out of this slough of—of indifference."

"You feel that, do you?" she asked, gently squeezing my hand back, completely wrecking my golf for at least two weeks. "You really feel that? Oh, I am sure you do!"

"I do, I do. We see it everywhere—indifference. Indifference to our leadership, indifference to our literature, indifference to our national honor. Look at Gompers," I continued, "What does he care?"

"He plays, does he?" she whispered.

"Somewhat," I replied severely. "Although his not having studied in Europe prevents his having any particular standing here."

"Naturally." She began to move closer, until I feared for my intercostal. She turned her lamps on me once more.

"How does it happen," she asked, "that one who is so passionately addicted to real music, who, it is so evident to me, is filled with the wonderful Symphony in D minor and who knows Bach as I can feel you must, how does it happen, sir, that *you* are not a member of our committee?"

I spoke quickly and with much feeling.

"Ah! my interests!"

"May I ask what your business is?"

It seemed to me best on the spur of the unhappy moment to convey the impression of opulence. I had once bought two shares of Steel common at 83, having saved up for this great adventure over a series of months, and afterward I was forced to sell them at 72.

"I dabble in many things," I replied nonchalantly. "Principally Steel."

"Ah!" she smiled. "So I thought. You big business men are so much alike. Outwardly you seem so severe and practical, so materialistic. But inwardly"—

She pressed in a couple of ribs.

"You are all idealists. Have you contributed to this wonderful new movement?"

"Oh, yes," I responded, rubbing my good hand against the other. "I told my secretary to send fifty thousand; you see the steel business is perfectly terrible; otherwise"—

I got up suddenly and by a deft twist skidded toward the opening.

"And now," I whispered, "I must leave you. But we shall meet again, never fear." and I made a rapid getaway.

If we do meet it won't be my fault. One thing is certain, I can see her coming long before she seees me.

And she's a lovely woman, too. She has the real interests of this country at heart.

And so have I. Just because it seemed best—indeed necessary—for me to act as I did that evening is no reason why I don't love music and don't want it put right in the hearts and tympanums of our good people.

We must do it.

The first thing is to gather all the facts together and look them steadily in the face. No matter what kind of facts they are if you look at 'em hard enough they will begin to lie down and roll over. I know it. I've seen 'em do it too often. No fact can stand up against the human eye. And what are the facts about our musical situation?

Practically every village and hamlet and borough in this country has a band. Practically every movie house in this country has a piano. We must face these pianos, no matter how much pain it causes, and find out where we stand with them.

And, then, look at all the house organs!

According to the last census report there were over 800,000 boys in this country who play harmonicas. Every college student out of twenty plays the mandolin. At any moment you may receive notice that a college glee club is going to perform in your town, and you will have to put them up overnight. What are you going to do about this, with only a general housework girl who comes in by the day and charges $3.60 at that?

Take our church choirs. I know many of them personally. Many of them are golf players. I have heard some of them sing—once. How are we going to treat them? Are we, without regard for our common honor, our standing among nations, going to throw them all out of employment just because they have never heard of the Symphony in D minor? Never! And on Sunday morning, too, when every links at present is so crowded that you have to wait sometimes nearly an hour before you can drive off?

What are we going to do with all our circus calliopes? Are we going to confine them in alcoholic stills?

This whole problem is very much more serious than any one knows about. We don't realize it.

Although my solution may seem too radical, in my opinion it is the only democratic way out. I have studied this question long and deeply for the last four days, and I know a great deal more about it, even than Mr. Hughes or Mr. Borah. I mean nothing against these gentlemen. On the contrary, I like them both.

I like Borah better than Hughes, because when I tried to go to Europe Borah made no objection. He said frankly that he didn't care. Hughes acted differently. He acted very strangely. He insisted that, before I went, I was to pay up my income tax, and also furnish him with a certificate as to where I was born. How could I tell that? I admit that I was present when it happened, but I have long since forgotten all the details. The only thing I am sure of was that I was musical.

And I have been that way ever since. That is why I say now that in order to put this country where it belongs musically we must do just one thing. Every librarian knows this about books. Every librarian knows that give the people all the books of every kind they want to read, they will gradually pick out better and better ones, until they finally acquire good taste in literature.

And that is what we must do with music. We must give every inhabitant of the United States all the musical instruments there are—place them within his reach—and let him keep on playing on them until he learns music in the democratic way.

Then—eventually, if not now—we shall have harmony. And until that time comes we shall have to get along. We won't be any worse off than they are in Europe, anyway.